

# Soldier Story

## Citizen Kane

Where I'm from killers go dumb, usually death is the outcome  
Welcome to the jungle, where kidnappers haunt you  
The streets, they really want you  
I'm serious, no smile on this block, gives answers if you curious  
Good times disappear quickly back into a mist  
Shooter hardly ever miss, that means I'm accurate  
Crack the pitch man, pretty soon Ima have to switch  
Scratchin' the itch with paper cuts on my index  
The real riders shoot up blocks and screams who next  
Like my nigga two text, he told two text  
Done been in beef before but in Houston they call it plex  
Gotta know the protocol, I'm warnin' y'all it gets deep  
So deep, the prison guards'll put you to sleep  
Rest eternally, no comin' back, ya O.D., overdose  
This neighborhood got me comatose  
Back against the wall, another statistic I know  
The streets always been my daddy and mommy is the county jail  
I'ma soldier and I'm about my mail  
And if I get busted I'm not about to tell  
'Cause I'm a gangsta  
The streets always been my daddy and mommy is the county jail  
I'ma soldier and I'm about my mail  
I ain't tryin' to do right, I'm already livin' in pain  
'Cause I'm a gangsta  
The gas prices too high, the pay raise is too low  
I'm better off in the game flippin' kicks like Judo  
Or out somewhere pimpin' gettin' money and by the two wholes  
That's why I'm at the lab of the product, spittin' you flows  
Feds' watchin' my hood, entirely too much gun play  
Neighborhood basketball stars slain last Monday  
Raided the neighborhood, king pen last Tuesday  
If this was goin' on in your neighborhood what would you say?  
Given the opportunity to tell it to the masters  
Lower middle class still a carryin' bus passes  
Young girls givin' birth before they hit the ninth grade  
'Bout to be a mom and can't even make Kool Aid  
Who made this crack anyway? Told us about the heroin  
Sold us alcohol and the guns that we carry 'round  
Can't blame us for everything goin' wrong in the States

I don't blame a nigga for nothin' he do to get cake  
The streets always been my daddy and mommy is the county jail  
I'ma soldier and I'm about my mail  
And if I get busted I'm not about to tell  
'Cause I'm a gangsta  
The streets always been my daddy and mommy is the county jail  
I'ma soldier and I'm about my mail  
I ain't tryin' to do right, I'm already livin' in pain  
'Cause I'm a gangsta  
It's like the ghetto's got a heart and a soul, a mind of it's own  
A hunger for a young cat to die 'fore he grown  
A lust for a young girl to slide down a pole  
She's always fallin' short on her goals  
The street life is cold, it's either win or lose or you fold  
Money is the root to all evils what I was told  
When everything you thought you'd believed in was a hoax  
You put your faith in front of those demons  
And when the smoke clears, the truth appear  
The fight for your life, the struggles of a wrong versus right  
And wrong won, a song sung in the keys of reality  
When death crosses your path, blood shed tragically  
So automatically you come to a close and realize  
That no matter what we key to the codes  
I seen the hood swallow muthafuckas whole  
The shit amountin' in the system ain't never make it home, that I know  
The streets always been my daddy and mommy is the county jail  
I'ma soldier and I'm about my mail  
And if I get busted I'm not about to tell  
'Cause I'm a gangsta  
The streets always been my daddy and mommy is the county jail  
I'ma soldier and I'm about my mail  
I ain't tryin' to do right, I'm already livin' in pain  
'Cause I'm a gangsta

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